

We Remain

by Mitch Acosta

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Summary: "We will always remain. I don't know how or why, but we will." A series of one-shots. Requests are welcome. Mainly Hiccup.

1. Ideal

Author's Note: It's been ages since I last wrote a fanfiction, especially for How to Train Your Dragon. The last one was Completely Overdosed. Ring a bell? No? Clearly, I have been out of this site for so long. Let's rectify that now, hmm?

DISCLAIMER: I decline the ownership of How to Train Your Dragon and the aspects of this prompt that can be classified as Cressida Cowell's and Dreamworks Animation's.

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><p>Ideal

"Hello? Gobber?" I called into the smithy's interior.

Nothing. Gobber must be out for the day. But his relatively useless runt of an assistant must be here somewhere. I took one step inside and saw the low burning of the coals in a nearby fireplace. He's here.

"Hiccup? Hiccup!"

I heard a crash from further inside, probably from a glass breaking. Then metal falling on the floor. Some scraping. And a painful impact between skull and wood.

I then saw the scrawny boy crawling from under a table. He lightly touched his head where he might have bumped it. His eyes got big when

he spotted me where I was rooted near the entrance, axe in hand.

He suddenly grinned, "Oh, hi, Astrid! Hi, Astrid, hi. Uh, w-what b-brings y-you here? I-I meanâ€" "

"I need to have this axe sharpened and all the other things that should be done with it," I told him, handing the axe. He struggled with holding the weapon and dragged it towards some circular rolling stone they use to sharpen things.

If he can't even hold an axe uprightâ€"the same axe I learned to throw when I was just sevenâ€"then the way he manages to manufacture those swords, maces and shields is beyond me.

I dragged my eyes from my shield and towards the curtain that covers the small room Hiccup had been hiding and the light from the inside.

What are we hiding there, huh?

I looked back at Hiccup, who had his back facing me and was still occupied with my axe. Good. I walked past Hiccup and further into the forge, careful not to make a sound. I got to the room and stepped inside.

Papers upon papers welcomed my vision. Hiccup must spend a lot of time in here.

Of course. Where would he stay but in here? Everywhere else seems to be a danger to him.

I looked around the small space. A long desk. A few quills, inks and writing charcoals in random places. And the aforementioned papers that covered almost all the walls of the small space Hiccup can absolutely call his.

Before paying attention to his drawings, I peeked outside and saw Hiccup still working on my weapon. Turns out I got my axe that dull.

I turned into one of his drawings, which looked like a catapult but kind of smaller. And then the other one had rows of houses with weird planks of wood that connects to what it looks like a reservoir. "A fire-preventing system," he titled it. There must be hundreds of various upgraded weapons, clever house interiors, complicated mechanisms and brilliance poured into this room in paper form.

It must take one with so much intelligence to make ideas as bold as these. No normal Viking guys, drunk or sober, have the capacity to think and visualize things in such a futuristic manner. Not even ol' Gobber. Some of them can't even count past ten to save their lives.

Well, who said Hiccup had been anything close to a 'normal' Viking?

"Whoa! H-have you b-been here, the whole t-time?"

Busted.

"Is my axe ready? I've been craving raw squirrel meat all day!" I walked past him and out of his little space, hoping he didn't caught sight of the evidence of my embarrassment on my cheeks.

"Uh, it's right there on the front! B-bye, Astrid! Thanks, Astrid! C-come back w-whenever you want! A-and enjoy the r-raw squirrel meat!" I heard him call after me as I took my axe as I pass by it and made a beeline to the exit.

Whew!

I tested the weight of my axe on one hand and examined Hiccup's work as I brisked towards home. It's definitely lighter, easy to grip and so polished that I can see my reflection on the metal. My forefinger reached out to the blade and it left my finger with blood even with the slightest touch.

I smiled. That's what I'm talking about. Hiccup delivered.

And if you count all of those drawn and written ideas he used as wall decor, maybe Hiccup isn't so useless.

Whoa.

Hiccup? Not useless? He can't even hold an axe to safe himself from a dragon attack.

But then maybe he's just not for those kinds of things. Maybe he's ideal for something else. Anything with eyes can identify that he's clearly not for a common Viking's line of work.

Not that would be my problem anymore. That would be for Hiccup to discover.

Raw squirrel meat?

For the love of Thor, Astrid, you're so much better than that.

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><p>Author's Note: Yee-haw! I guess it came out pretty decent than I expected it to be, with my rusty brain and all. Now what say you?

2. Mischief

Author's Note: Hi, guys! Have you seen the featurette? That thing had Hiccup all over the place! Ooh, and Stalka! Don't forget about Stalka! Okay, okay. Here's a prompt to start your day!

DISCLAIMER: I don't own the awesomeness that is How to Train Your Dragon.

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><p>Mischief

Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III woke up to the loud banging on the

front door.

"Arghâ€| Can't Dad open the door?"

The young Viking murmured, moving into a sitting position on the bed. Hiccup looked around for his dragon counterpart, who was nowhere to be seen. The young man went down the stairs and noticed his father's not home.

Hiccup threw open the door to Gobber the Belch, Stoick the Vast and the Night Fury.

"Hey, guys. I overslept, huh?"

Hiccup's father frowned, "You overslept enough for your dragon to go around and causeâ€|other things."

"What other things?"

Gobber the Belch raised his hand, a half-destroyed sock on his palm. "That dragon of yours stole my socks and even turned some of them into ash! And he doesn't even want to admit it! I saw him on my front door!"

Hiccup looked at Toothless who snorted his denial.

Hiccup took the still smoking sock from Gobber and inspected it. "Look, a plasma blast wouldn't have caused this kind of damage." Hiccup explained.

"But how do you explain him on my front door, eh, lad?" Gobber said, crossing his arms on his chest.

"But Toothless isn't harmful, I swear! He saved my life, dad!"

Stoick laid a hand on his son's shoulder, "Look, son. It's been a month since we let the dragons move in and just because they're our allies now doesn't mean he'll never do some mischief here and there." Stoick the Vast took the sock from Hiccup and returned it to Gobber, "Don't you worry, Gobber will forget about it. Eventually. Just thought we let you know about what your dragon did while you're sleeping."

With that, Berk's chief led Gobber away from the house, leaving dragon and rider together.

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><p>Hiccup spent the afternoon in the smithy, working on a revised version of the other riders' saddles.</p>

He let Toothless wander around, but not after he scolded the poor Night Fury. He was stitching one of the leather edges when he heard, "HICCUP!"

"Oh, man. It's Astrid. Better see what she wants now," said Hiccup under his breath.

"HICCUP! I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE!"

"Coming, Astrid!" Hiccup went face to face with a very, very angry Hofferson. "

Uh, what did I do now?" Hiccup asked, scratching his nape.

The young girl exploded, "What did you do? How about you ask me what you DID NOT DO?"

"And that isâ€|"

"Your dragon stole my battle axe!" Astrid yelled.

"What? Why would Toothless do that? Are you sure it's him? I'm sure a dragon wouldn't be the only one that wants your axe away from you, knowing what you can do with it... And where's Toothless?"

Astrid sighed, "I locked him in your house after I retrieved my axe inside."

"You retrieved your axe from my house?"

"Is that what I just said, Hiccup? Toothless saved you and all, but then he has no legitimate excuse to do those kinds of things. First it was Gobber, then me. What else could he do? Steal your metal leg while you take a bath?"

Toothless will never do those things, right? Well, he needs to have a serious talk with his dragon.

* * *

><p>After Toothless' apparent denial of all things they accused of him, Hiccup is very sure that someone framed Toothless in both cases.</p>

Until after taking a bubble bath and noticed that his metal leg had been missing.

"TOOTHLESS!" Hiccup shouted from the chair he was currently sitting on, and he doesn't want to tell how much pain he endured to get to that position. "GIVE ME MY LEG RIGHT NOW!"

Toothless appeared from the roof and looked at him with wide, concerned eyes. "Where'd you stash my leg, bud?"

The dragon angrily snorted and gestured the door. "Are you sure it wasn't you?" The dragon gave a nod.

"Then who in the name of Thor went inside the house and stole my leg?" Toothless again gestured towards the door.

"Right," Hiccup said, fully aware that he can't move without his leg, metal or not. The dragon nudged Hiccup's middle and he used Toothless' snout to be able to move.

"Okay, bud, let's get my leg back."

The dragon and rider went outside the door and started to walk, and Astrid Hofferson fell into step with the duo.

"Oh, no. I was just kidding, Hiccup." Astrid said, stifling her laughter.

"Yeah, Astrid. I sure hope my metal leg is doing better without me, wherever it may be."

Toothless gestured towards the ring, where they mostly keep the new dragons and they started to walk (or limp) towards the place.

"So, Astrid, found your axe yet?"

She scowled, "Nope. And I'll admit it, I feel so incomplete without that axe."

Toothless then ran, and Hiccup stumbled before Astrid caught him by the arm.

"Where do you think he's going?" asked the young blond Viking.

"I have no idea," replied Hiccup. Hiccup then went to the baskets they turned into Terrible Terror housing.

Toothless pushed the basket and its contents spilled out: a pile of nasty smelling socks, Astrid's beloved axe, Hiccup's metal leg and the one Terrible Terror who caused it all. Toothless went back to Hiccup and nudged his belly. "

Okay, okay, bud. You didn't do anything. I believed you from the start, remember? No matter how many times they told me it was you."

In reply, the Night Fury licked his rider's face.

Astrid laughed and went to collect the lost stuff.

And it looks like Hiccup have dragons to train, especially about mischief and how lost things drive Vikings to insanity.

* * *

><p>Author's Note: That... was pretty terrible, wasn't it? *sighs* Now, guys, care enough to review? I will love you forever if you do.

3. Magic

Author's Note: Hi, everyone! Are you all 'Hiccup-y' good? Because I am! Teehee. Anyway, this prompt is surely special. For one, it's very long and almost reached the four-thousand-word mark. And this prompt explains why I titled the series 'We Remain.' So, yup. You go read now.

DISCLAIMER: I don't own How to train Your Dragon and all the elements used in today's prompt that can be classified as something owned by Dreamworks Animation and Cressida Cowell.

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><p>Magic

The noise, as always, woke me up.

It was everywhere, from the distant Viking chatters from my window, from my parents' loud voices downstairs as they head out and from the squawks of the dragon standing beside my bed.

I smiled up at her, and rubbed her snout, "Good morning, Stormfly. You up for a morning flight?"

She gave me a soft purr and nudged my hand. I let out a small chuckle at her enthusiasm at the mention of flying, "Okay, okay. Now, let me just get ready."

The new morning routine just started. I smiled at my reflection as my head took me back into the past.

I used to wake up not to noises of laughter and happy dragon noises, but the stinking smell of smoke, the annoying repetitive clinking of hammer on nails and the loud angry voices of Vikings about how dragons destroyed their houses from a raid the night before. Those mornings are usually a start of what was another day of Vikings damning dragons and man alike with their words, and them telling their children how important it is to fight and do it with a brave heart and fearless mind. And as the daylight starts to fade, the said Vikings will get ready for yet another attack from the 'pests' and start the next day exactly like yesterday.

It was a very, very infuriating cycle it always had me wondering when would it all change.

I finished putting on my gear and gestured for Stormfly to come down the stairs. I opened the front door and saw Vikings and dragons all over the place, living harmoniously and as contented as ever.

I hopped on Stormfly and we ascended and flew through the village. I can see some of the people waving at us from down below and a few even greeted me with a hearty, "G'mornin', 'Srid!"

The village looked more alive than it had ever been. Colors splashed on walls and roof, and the wooden angry dragon heads that decorated every home had been replaced with smiling ones. It really enhanced the ambiance of the environment, if I do say so myself. I urged Stormfly higher, and she obeyed with a loud squawk, and the people below got smaller and smaller. The wind became stronger and faster against my cheeks and I felt a surge of adrenaline, and I smiled as we overlook the whole island. I always liked seeing Berk from afar, even when we still used boats to travel to and from the island. But from up here, almost nothing could compare to the enchanting scenery. It just never gets old, even after five years.

* * *

><p>After taking a few laps around the island, Stormfly cooed at me. "Oh, I see. Let's get some food in you, girl. We still have a few chores to do before we can get back up here," I told her, scratching the top of her head as we descend back to town. I dismounted my dragon and led her to one of the feeding stations near the Great Hall, along with the other dragons. I entered the Hall with Mulch and

Bucket, who were busy to talk about the upcoming dragon races and how much will they bet on the twins.<p>

I got a chicken leg, a loaf of bread and a mug of mead from the buffet and sat by myself. It seemed the others got a little early than I had, which is very unlikely, or Stormfly and I had just gotten too caught up on that morning flight and missed them getting their breakfast. I looked around and seeing the loud laughing Vikings, I dug in my food. I was enjoying the meal, until I heard familiar voices and laughter from my right.

"Oh, gods." I muttered. It was my parents, eating on the same table as Stoick the Vast and Gobber the Belch. How can I miss their dragons outside?

Then the chief bellowed, "Of course! My son would never have it any other way! It's Hiccup we are talking about here. He who earned a Night Fury's friendship and loyalty, for Thor's sake! A Night Fury! The offspring of lightning and death itself! Ha-Ha!"

That's what our chief is busying himself lately, praising his son's accomplishments for the umpteenth time. Not that they're not praise-worthy, as I am proud of the young Viking, too, but Stoick just made his son afraid to disappoint him. That, and you know what's worst? Stoick the Vast singing Hiccup's heroic deeds in front of my parents! Odin knows what are they talking about that caused the village chief to turn into 'proud dad'!

Upon finishing my meal, I stood up to check on Stormfly. Careful not to make them notice my passing, Iâ€" "Oh, there's Astrid!" Gobber announced.

Oh, man. Here it goes.

My parents turned their heads and smiled at me. "Oh, Astrid! We were just talking about you with the chief!" My mother said, rather happily.

Yep, not a good sign.

"And his son, too! The 'Pride of Berk', If I might add." Dad added, his tone full of pride.

And the hits kept on coming.

The Chief of the Hooligans laughed, "Now, now. Let's get off Astrid's back, I'm sure she has more things to do than just stand there. After all, she's my future daughter-in-law."

As those last few words rolled off Stoick's tongue, my parents' head whipped back to their chief. Stoick shrugged, "What? Have you seen them together? It's bound to happen, anyway."

I felt my cheeks heat up.

Gobber nodded, "Those two are quite the pair." I don't think I can handle any more, so I walked away from them and exited the Hall as stealthily as I could. But not before I heard my parents' positive remarks about the whole 'future daughter-in-law' thing.

Odin's beard.

I closed the double doors with a sigh of relief. Fresh air, finally! Stormfly then caught my eye, three cods half-inside of her mouth. I smiled at him and shook my head. That was another thing that changed around here. Who would've thought my parents would appeal to Stoick the Vast about those kind of matters? I can even remember how my father told me how he pitied the chief because he, of all people, have to have a 'hiccup' for a son like it was yesterday. The term 'hiccup' had also changed; its now akin to saying 'different, but good different.'

Stormfly went toward me with heavy, dragon-y footsteps and licked my cheek, and I can't help but laugh and let the matter in hand float away.

It's a story for another day, anyway.

"Come on, Stormfly. What do you say we get these few things done so we can go hone your skills better?"

She gave me a loud, affirmative squeak.

"Good girl," I said as I jumped on her saddle and flew towards the watchtower.

* * *

><p>"So, what do you think?"<p>

"What do I think? What do I think? It's terrible! I say we ask Barf make a star-shaped gas line and let Belch ignite it! I think the owner's gonna love the new landscape of his yak farm!"

"Urgh, Tuffnut. Why do you always get the smartest of ideas? I swear one day we're gonna appeal to Stoick to replace Hiccup with you as Berk's resident 'idea maker.'"

Gods, these two. I swear they get worse by age.

Stormfly landed behind them with a soft thud. "No one's gonna gas up anything, Tuffnut. The owner will certainly hate a landscaping this time of the day. And Ruffnut? No one's gonna replace Hiccup and I am not sure Stoick the Vast would agree to anything you ask him just like that. I mean, even his own son can't change his mind so easily."

"Aw," responded Ruffnut. She squeezed Tuffnut face and made baby sounds, "Don't be upset, twin brother. It'll be okay, I promise."

Tuffnut pushed her sister's hands from his face, "Yuck, Ruff. How did you get your hands so dirty? And so... bad-smelling?" He looked at me, "So, future chief's future wife, what brings you here?"

Ignoring his comment, I crossed my arms over my chest. "How's the yak farms today, guys?"

Ruffnut shrugged, "The yaks are still yaks and the grass are still... uh, grass-y."

Tuffnut rolled his eyes, "It's getting kinda boring, Astrid. Every farm looked the same to me. They all look so farm-y, so I think identifying them would be important, which brings us back to my landscaping idea."

The twins hi-fived and laughed.

"Okay, guys. The farms are good and that's all I wanted to know. Keep up the good work and lay off the landscaping, please? Oh, and don't let a single yak out of it's respective farms, okay? See you guys, later!" I told them as I mount Stormfly and gestured for her to fly.

"Oh, man. She sounds more and more like Hiccup every time she talks, I swear." Tuffnut remarked when we were almost out of earshot.

"Next thing," I said to Stormfly. "We need to go down the tunnels and check on the dragon stables... with Snotlout."

My dragon gave me the affirmative and we started to descend.

* * *

><p>Turns out the tunnels made by the Whispering Deaths planted by Mildew proved to serve its own purpose. After the Screaming Death and any threats to Berk gone, Stoick has had a hard time thinking about how to keep the dragons behaved when other tribes are to come see Berk, and what shall be done to the tunnels to make it sure they're always threat-free. Hiccup then had the idea of doing something that solves both of Stoick's dilemmas. In that way, Berk can be dragon-free whenever foreigners are to visit by keeping dragons inside the tunnels and the dragons, in turn, can keep all of Berk safe from underneath.<p>

Stormfly went inside the main passage and I jumped off her before she could land. I just want to finish these remaining chores.

I looked around and saw a chortling Monstrous Nightmare, his eyes following his rider who has his backside on fire and was running around in panic. Again. I hopped off Stormfly, ran towards the nearest water-filled bucket and drenched the rider in question, dousing the fire.

"Aah!"

I slapped his metal hat, "What are you doing, Snotlout?"

"I was doing my job! It's Hookfang here who set me on fire."

The said dragon rolled its cat-like eyes and moved away from his rider.

I sighed, "Anyway, is there something we can help you with? Dragons on the loose?"

Snotlout crossed his arms over his chest, "Are you questioning my watching abilities? Are you thinking I didn't place the Zippleback eggs in water on time and they all exploded and four nesting rooms are currently in ruins? Because it certainly didn't happen. At

all."

I looked at him with an unconvinced expression.

Snotlout threw his hands up in the air, "Alright! I fell asleep, Astrid! I need my beauty rest! Just promise me you won't tell Hiccup, please!"

"And why won't I? That's why I'm here, Snotlout. To find out if things are running smoothly and when they aren't, It's my job to tell Hiccup all about it. In detail."

It still amazes me how much Snotlout's relationship with Hiccup changed over the years. It went from antagonistic, to bitter, to lenient, to accepting and to respecting. I guess it finally dawned on him that the guy will really be his chief one day, no matter what he feels about it. And considering Stoick's actions lately, that 'one day' wouldn't be that long.

"I hate you when you're being like that, Hofferson. Boy, am I glad to have Ruffnut in my life now."

I chuckled, "Ruffnut? You still have Fishlegs to defeat before you can have her in your life, if you must know."

"Fishlegs? It's only a matter of time until she picks me and kicks that Ingerman out of the picture, Astrid. The entire village knows that."

I smiled at the Viking in front of me, "Right. And when Ruffnut finds out how much of a slacker you are at work..."

Snotlout huffed and started arranging water buckets, "So what are you still doing here? I have to do my job. Diligently. You go do your... thing, Astrid. You can't just come down here and disturb a Viking at work."

* * *

><p>Stormfly and I can hear Fishlegs's voice ringing out throughout the academy walls and the excited chatter of his students even before we landed in front of its gates.</p>

I faced Stormfly and placed both hands on her snout, "This is our last stop, girl. And then we can go up there again and fly out your heart's content. Plus, this should be fun. Fishlegs's topic is all about Nadders."

Fishlegs had the gates opened and beamed at us, "Hey, just the tandem we're waiting for!" Then he whispered, "I kind of told them that you're coming."

I frowned, "What do they expect me to do?" Clearly, I am no good at teaching little kids about the harshness of the world, and we all decided that Fishlegs is, hands-down, the only one of us who has the time and ability to do it. And he was doing a great job that even Gobber the Belch, our former teacher and Berk's resident dragon dentist, is proud.

"Just be prepared to execute a few things with Stormfly and answer a

lot of questions, even the most obvious and idiotic ones."

I laughed, "Come on, 'Legs. We've all handled those kind of questions here and there all over the past years."

"I know exactly where you're coming from. So, here we go."

I gestured for Stormfly to stand down and walk with us, she responded with a curious squawk. Upon the sight of a Deadly Nadder, the little ones started to stand up and watch Stormfly's every move in amazement.

Fishlegs chuckled, "Alright, alright! Sit down, everyone! I know you know them as they are quite famous because of...?"

"DRAGON RACING!" The eight-year-olds chorused.

"How many times did they win?"

"TWENTY-EIGHT!"

Fishlegs smiled, "That's right. Congratulations, everyone. You're all getting good on these pop quizzes. Anyway, may I present our guests for today, Astrid Hofferson and her Deadly Nadder, Stormfly!"

The students cheered, and I can't help but feel a pang inside my chest. I can see myself on them, can relate to the excitement and the enthusiasm I once felt when Berk had just made peace with the dragons and there were so much to learn and to figure out. Fishlegs and I shared a look and I knew that he must feel this too, the nostalgia for the person you were before and had it all reflected into someone's eyes. I faced at the children and gave them the biggest smile I can manage, "Hello, everyone."

They all screamed and ran towards me. I was surprised when they all gave both my legs a big hug.

"Hey, guys, uh, be careful of the skirt spikes. You might hurt yourselves." I looked at Stormfly who gave me a curious look. I shrugged at her and looked down on the kids, "Alright. I am glad to be here, too. Now, if you can just sit down so I can speak a little about today's topic. You can ask all your questions afterward."

So, just like that, the floor was all mine.

I started the talk from what the latest updates on Berk's history book covered that has anything about training Nadders: how Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III enlisted his classmates' help to get to Dragon Island by training the dragons they keep for dragon killing classes with Gobber the Belch. I then told them how I felt the first time I touched Stormfly detail by detail, and then I told them how we helped defeat the Green Death by trusting each other. And then how Stormfly changed my life in a very positive way, and how I got used to some of her quirks. I talked about how dragons will protect you with their lives shall you choose to protect them with yours. I finished my piece by exploring the times when Stormfly could have just left me and Berk but she chose not to because she has become my ally, best friend and the sister I never had.

I looked at Fishlegs, who was standing a few feet from the last row

of chairs, as he wiped a tear from his eye. He silently clapped and I gave him a small smile. I told the children that they can look and talk to Stormfly for a few minutes. They all cheered and went over my dragon who happily cooed at them, her motherly instincts kicking in.

Fishlegs went over to where I am standing, "Wow, Astrid. You totally blew my mind."

"Really? I thought I drove them to boredom. They all looked so... expressionless."

Fishlegs laughed, "You should've seen how Hiccup handled them last week. When he got to the part where he found out that he lost his leg, more than half of them bawled. The poor Viking thought he scared them."

I laughed, "I bet he did. The only thing he told me was that the session lasted for about five hours, and that he needed to put ice on his forehead."

"Yep. Those little ones surely loved Toothless."

I looked at Stormfly as she interacted with the kids.

Those children are our next generation, the ones we are going to leave Berk with. They are going to be the ones who'll preserve all the colors, the knowledge and the rewritten traditions and celebrations of out time, and then pass it onto the next, and the one after that.

"Do you think we will be remembered someday, after so many years?" I blurted out to Fishlegs.

The Viking-turned-teacher laughed, "Of course we will be. Our names, still freshly written, are going to be in those history books for Thor knows how long, Astrid, though it's not the way you originally planned it to be."

I nodded. When we were so much younger, I told Fishlegs that I wanted to have my name written under the list of the fearless dragon killers Berk has ever seen. Now? I will be known as Astrid Hofferson, one of Berk's first dragon riders that changed three hundred years of stubbornly ingrained Hooligan stereotypes and traditions.

Like Fishlegs said, it wasn't what I had in mind; it was so much better.

As Stormfly and I leave the academy, I realized one thing: everything really feels different now. And I am not talking about the surroundings nor the traditions. I don't really know what exactly had caused that so much change in all of us, in all of Berk. But it's nothing to do with Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III. It's nothing to do with the dragons, either. It's something else. Something higher than any of us.

I had to find answers, fast.

"Hey, Stormfly. Let's put your tracking skills to the test, shall we?" I jingled the charm on my left arm in front of her face, and she

cawed in recognition. "Yup, you know who to find. Go, Stormfly, go, go!"

* * *

><p>Stormfly led me to an island full of beaches far to the southeast of Berk. What will they name it now? Stormfly landed with a thud against the sand. I smiled as he busily sketched the shape of the island and scribbled things here and there.</p>

"Hello, milady. I see you tracked us down yet again. Stormfly is getting so great at that, by the way. And before you can ask, it's 'Fake Tail' this time. Courtesy of a certain napping Night Fury on a tree branch a little to my left." He said, not even bothering to look my way.

I watched Hiccup as he produced various kinds of things from his suit. Who would've thought the scrawny boy who hid himself inside Berk's forgery would grow into a young man whose name filled history books, legendary tales and everyday Viking conversations? And I am absolutely sure it wouldn't stay that way. He will continue to grow, explore, learn and before you know it, he's changing norms and old beliefs once again.

And then it all clicked. It wasn't just Berk, it's everything else, too. Dragons won't exist forever, that we are fully aware. Vikings won't share a different fate. Because of that change, Berk's dragon-killing Vikings are nothing but extinct. I bet that a thousand years from now, so will the other kinds of Vikings, if things are going to keep on changing.

A hand cupped my cheek, "Hey, you've been awfully quiet. Is something bothering you?"

I smiled and leaned into Hiccup's touch, "It's nothing."

"Yeah, right."

"Just wondering how long we'll last."

Hiccup's eyes widened, and his palms went from my face to my hands with the gentlest of touches, "Wow. I did not expect that kind of question. At all."

I laughed and butterflies settled deep into my stomach, "I don't mean it likeâ€""

He smiled and raised our intertwined fingers, "You know, Astrid, the world has a force that none of us cannot go against no matter how we try to fight it. It's greater than everything we will ever come to know. But all I know that we may disappear or go somewhere else, but we will always remain. I don't know how or why, but we will."

I looked at him, helpless.

Hiccup looked at me funny and put his arms around me, "And may I ask what's gotten into your head to formulate questions like that, milady?"

I shook my head, "Nothing. It's just feels so mysterious yet so

familiar at the same time."

"Yeah, like some sort of... magic?"

Magic. Of course.

"Yes. Everything feels so magical nowadays."

"Oh, believe me, it is. But not for long." Hiccup said as he dropped a kiss on the top of my head.

"That, I can absolutely agree. Snotlout fell asleep during his shift again and forgot to drop the Zippleback eggs into the water. They exploded and four nesting rooms are destroyed."

Hiccup released me and let out a defeated groan, "Let me wake up Toothless and we're heading back. Now."

Yep, it's totally magical.

* * *

><p>Author's Note: So... still feeling 'Hiccup-y' good? Not anymore? Okay, so why don't you just tell me what you feel in that beautiful review box below. Cheers!

4. Labels

Author's Note: Hi. Sorry for the late update. College is here and I need to adjust my priorities a little bit. Anyway, how are you guys? Here's a drabble for your Hiccup needs.

DISCLAIMERS: I don't own How to Train Your Dragon.

* * *

><p>Labels

"Wow. It really is a Night Fury! Can I touch him? He's so_cute!"

"You really defeated the queen and freed the dragons? That's so amazing! And that suit of yours fit perfectly, hmm?"

"Your hair looks so soft, Hiccup. Can I run my fingers through it?"

"You're so handsome!"

"Can you sign my axe for me, please?"

Gah. I can't help but look at the girls swooning over Hiccup.

Hiccup.

Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III. Son of Stoick the Vast. Pride of Berk. Heir of the Hooligan Tribe. The Dragon Whisperer.

It shouldn't matter that much, right?

"Hey, Astrid! Whoa, what's got into you?"

"Ruffnut!"

"What?"

I scowled, "Nothing."

Ruff laughed, "Look at Hiccup. He's so red that I don't think he needs racing paint anymore."

"Right. He's so red because of all the attention he's getting. From the women."

"I bet he's having the time of his life," remarked Ruff.

I whipped my head towards her so fast that I felt pain in my neck, "Excuse me?"

"Being adored? Being chased by girls from a very fine tribe? Hiccup must be over the moon. I mean, who wouldn't, right?"

I had enough of watching. I'm going to show those fangirls that titles, achievements mean nothing at all.

Those labels will always come short to the amazing, talented, passionate, self-sacrificing, resilient boy I've come to know, memorize and love.

* * *

><p>Author's Note: Yeah. Hiccup is really the best OTP out there. No questions.

P.S. Prompt requests, rants and violent reactions are always welcome.

5. Stuck

**Author's Note: Hi, guys. How are y'all? I'm so sorry this one took so long. Got tied up with school work and stuff for a week.
**

DISCLAIMERS: I do not own How to Train Your Dragon.

* * *

><p>Stuck

He was used to be happy with their relationship.

Used to.

But then it wasn't because of her, no. It was because of him.

Lame.

He grew more and more frustrated by the day. He really loves her. He wants to let everyone know. He wants to shout it out loud. Or, at least, show her how much he care, or how empty he would feel without her.

But he just... couldn't.

He doesn't exactly know how to do all those cutesy romantic stuff. He didn't grow up with a loving environment with kisses and hugs thrown all over the place.

He never knew all of those things, in fact, until she formally entered his life.

He was stuck. She gets to kiss him and punch him and hug him. He never got the experience of initiating such a thing. Why? Because he wasn't sure if he's really allowed to do that, yet.

He was too afraid of rejection if he asked.

But he can't push away the nagging feeling of wanting and, even if he admits this or not, he wants her permission so that he can initiate those things on Snotlout's presence so that he can stake an unspoken claim on the girl he intended to marry since he was littler.

One afternoon in the cove just past the Raven Point as they took their beloved dragons for a rest before circling the island once more to watch the sunset, he finally conjured up all the courage in the world and approached her.

She was busy organizing the contents of the satchel on Stormfly's back, her right side facing him. He stopped until he was beside her, a step away.

He leaned forward... and then his damned metal leg got stuck on a rock.

The gods surely hated him that day.

The girl laughed at his situation.

"Oh, Hiccup. You're so predictable," she remarked, stepping closer to him.

It was the 'yes' he was waiting for, at last.

* * *

><p>Author's Note: Yup, you guessed it right, it's terrible. Anywho, How to Train Your Dragon 2 is twelve days away! I just reserved IMAX 3D tickets for the movie. Yee-haw! Recommendations, suggestions, violent reactions? Just leave a review. 'Til the next prompt!

6. Tips

Author's Note: Hello, everyone! How are you today? Anyway, just because I have a little time, here's a prompt!

DISCLAIMER: How to Train Your Dragon is not mine, okay? Not mine.

* * *

><p>Tips

Gustav watched Snotlout Jorgenson as he 'make his move' on the girl Thorston twin by giving her a flower which, in turn, was shred into pieces after a few seconds.

This was not working as he had hoped.

Gustav just wanted to learn some superb dating skills from the guy he idolized, like he promised. It seemed his 'idol' is not good at the romance department. Scratch that. Snotlout Jorgenson is the worst suitor Berk has ever seen. No one in their right mind would give a violent girl, much less a Thorston, a pink flower and ask her to a fancy dinner at the Great Hall.

Snotlout made his way back to the young boy, "Did you see that, Gustav? She liked my flower! Not only that... she agreed to meet up later! Isn't that cool?"

"She... did?" Gustav asked, uncertain. He looked at Ruffnut Thorston's retreating form. She didn't look like she said yes to Snotlout.

The Jorgenson boy just shrugged, "Yeah."

"Yeah, that was cool, Snotlout. Maybe I can learn something from you next time?"

Snotlout shrugged again, "Yeah, sure."

After they parted, Gustav sighed. He was not satisfied. The last time he did what Snotlout said, the girl he was trying to woo ended up smacking him in the face.

If he was to gain a girlfriend, Gustav need to put up a plan. And fast.

"Woo!" a shout and a growl echoed in the village. It's officially sunset. It's the Berkian heir and his dragon, Toothless the Night Fury. They do this every day like some kind of ritual. They circle the island a couple of times to search for problems, making sure that the Hairy Hooligans have nothing to worry about in their sleep. He is going to have to admit that he is amazed by Hiccup and the hero he is now.

Wait a minute, that's it!

Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III has Astrid Hofferson as his girlfriend. Astrid Hofferson! She is Berk's resident Nadder expert, a champion in Dragon Racing, deadly with an ax and one of the toughest ladies in the village. And when Hiccup's around her she smiles more often, laugh more often and she just... melts. Berkians, especially the chief, had taken a liking on the particular couple.

He hatched a plan: find Hiccup, ask him for tips, execute them and then BAM! Girlfriend.

* * *

><p>"What? You need what, Gustav?" The Dragon Whisperer asked him.<p>

"Look, Hiccup. Just a couple tips? Please?"

Hiccup chuckled, "Is having a girlfriend that important to you? You're just fourteen, there's so many things to be learned about, so many places to explore."

Gustav is getting desperate by the minute, "Oh, come on, Hiccup, please? How did you make Astrid Hofferson agree to be your girlfriend?"

The other Viking was taken aback, "Astrid is not my..." Hiccup sighed in defeat and looked back at the Night Fury who is peacefully sleeping on the grass of the Cove, "Alright. But Gustav, this is a one time thing deal. Understand? And never ever, ever mention something that will get to Astrid. She'll kill the both of us."

The boy nodded, eager to listen.

"First of all, don't listen to Snotlout. He's terrible. Second, just let her do what she wants. You see, Gustav, you really can't force women into a relationship they don't want a part of. You have to respect that."

"But Astrid is tough. And when she's with you, she's un-tough. How do you do that?"

Hiccup smiled, "Astrid is different. She's very tough, that I have a couple of firsthand experiences. But, Gustav, she doesn't go 'un-tough' when she's with me. That's preposterous. That'll never happen, especially Astrid. She's not violent than usual because she feels safe and happy."

"Safe and happy? That's it?"

"Oh, and if you had to argue with a girl, give it your best shot if you have a point. If you don't, well, surrender."

The next day, after applying all of the boring girl stuff he heard, he never had to go to Snotlout Jorgenson for girl advice again.

* * *

><p>Author's Note: Because Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III and his girl-getting skills is superior. Teehee. I did it wrong, didn't I? Sorry. Recommendations, comments and violent reactions? Just leave a teeny tiny review! :)

7. Fatherly

**Author's Note: Good day, peeps. :) It seems like I'm a wee bit distracted during Sociology class (probably a Dragons 2-induced

hangover) and decided to write this little monster.
Enjoy!**

DISCLAIMERS: I do not own How to Train Your Dragon.

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><p>Fatherly

I slammed the door, letting out a frustrated sigh.

"Tough day, son?" asked Stoick the Vast, the best chief of the entire archipelago, if I do say so myself.

"Yeah," I rubbed my forehead, thinking about the shouting match I just had with Astrid.

"If it's about the dragons, I'm sure you can figure out something sooner or later. You always do," father remarked.

"The dragons are fine, Dad. It's... it's something else."

Stoick the Vast, chieftain of the Hooligan tribe and my overprotective father raised a dark eyebrow. I sighed. Maybe I need to let this out.

By the Gods, why must Astrid be as stubborn as a mule?

"Gah. It's... it's about Astrid, dad."

My father's expression turned from curious to surprised, "What about her, son?"

Oh, what fun. "Dad, I am not sure I want this conversation right now."

Stoick the Vast held up both of his massive hands, "Ah, ah. Not so fast. If you have a problem with a girl, and one like Astrid Hofferson, you better fix it fast."

I was at a loss for words. Stoick the Vast, the fearsome chief of Berk, giving me... relationship advice?

"I don't know..."

"Hiccup, this is serious. You better apologize to her," father said, crossing his arms.

I threw up my hands, "You don't even know why we fought, Dad! How can you know that I am the one who should apologize to her?"

"Because she's the girl," he replied like it was the most obvious thing in the whole wide world. "And in a relationship, the girl is always right, even if they're really not."

I scrunched up my nose, "That makes so much sense, if you ask me."

Father tapped me on the back, "You don't know how much your mother and I fought in the early stages of our relationship. They were

massive, Hiccup. Our shouting used to fill the ears of the gods up in Valhalla. Even poor Gobber, always the witness, puts towels in his ears to block out our fighting. In the end, I was the one who will give in, say sorry and she will return the apology and everything in the world is right again."

"I wish it could be that simple," I murmured.

"What happened, son?"

Here goes. "I decided to try out my new flight suit this morning. And Astrid caught me jumping off of Toothless and doing some... extra aerial moves. Let's just say that it didn't end with me and Toothless a hundred percent unharmed."

"And?"

"And then she pulled my hair and began yelling about me and the chances are me getting killed are now exponentially higher because she's going to kill me herself before I fell to my death. What's wrong in doing all those things? They're super risky, like I'm not aware already, but with Toothless beside me I think I'll be okay."

"Son, she just doesn't want you to lose another limb."

"I'm completely fine."

My father sighed, "Look, son, what did you imply by arguing with her about your own welfare?"

I frowned, confused, "That Toothless and I will be fine?"

"No," he sternly said, "that you don't need her."

"What! I never said that."

"But you implied it."

"Did not?"

"Son, women are thinking machines. They're going to think about your attitude towards them and the words you say to them. And by telling that you're fine, you're implying that you don't need her attention and worry. And, they're going to do just that. Don't even be surprised if she starts to ignore you or worry less for you. Because they'll think that's what you want."

"Did Mom ever do that to you?"

"Enough times that I can teach Berk on that subject," father replied, but his eyes told me that he is revisiting past memories.

Gods, who knows that women, even tough ones like Astrid, has the capacity to do that?

Turns out I need more fatherly advice.

* * *

><p>Author's Note: Stoick is one of the toughest characters I've ever met my entire life, and not just in terms of physical abilities. He woke up every day to protect and look after his village with wisdom and optimism. But inside, his heart mourned for his wife whose very being was reflected in his son. He had to endure that every single day. That takes a helluva strength if you ask me. :) Any comments, recommendations, violent reactions? Just leave a little note, guys. See ya! :)

8. Numb

A/N: Hi, guys. Sorry for being such a slacker. Well, there's this small little time I had after my midterms. Enjoy!

DISCLAIMER: This work is not plagiarized. I decline ownership of How to Train Your Dragon.

* * *

><p>Numb

Urgh.

I never thought it would be possible, but I feel like my head is splitting in two.

I frowned and placed my palm against my forehead, trying to ease the pain to no avail.

Goddamit, Hiccup. This is your fault.

I moved into a sitting position on the bed, and my world spun. I cursed. How did I even get here? It's not even my house.

"Astrid, yoo-hoo! Rise and shine, sweetheart!" Ruffnut shouted from the foot of the stairs.

I squeezed my eyes shut as her voice disoriented my hearing and worsen the pain in my head, "Don't shout, Ruffnut!"

"WHAT?"

"Don't shout," I replied, my voice raspy from sleep and pain. My throat aches, too. Great.

"DIDN'T QUITE CATCH THAT!"

"By Odin, Ruff. Stop screaming," I told her, wherever she may be in the house. Whose house is it again? My head throbbed in response.

Gah, and they told me everything would be fine. This is not fine at all.

Idiots.

I heard stomping and I opened my eyes to slits. An up and bright Ruffnut covered my blurry vision, with a tray in her hands and a smug smile on her face.

"What is it, now?" I asked her.

Her smile dropped and she placed the tray on a bedside table which contained a mug half-full with a concoction, "Gobber forced 'err, asked 'me to bring this to you. She said it would cure terrible hangovers such as that one," she said, pointing a accusative finger at me.

With a half-blurred vision, I took the mug and drank its contents, making me gag.

"Urgh, it's terrible."

Ruffnut chuckled and looked starry eyed, "I know right. It's my favorite drink, you know. A mixture of rosemary and Terrible Terror saliva. Yum."

I flinched. Terrible Terror saliva? My hearing suddenly became normal and my vision cleared.

I took a good look at my surroundings. A long wooden desk filled with drawings, parchment and ink. A slab of rock in the further side of the room. I looked back at Ruffnut, "Why am I in the Haddock house?"

Before the female Thorston twin open her mouth to reply, a new voice interrupted her, "Because this is the nearest house we can bring you in, Astrid. You were pretty beat up last night."

It was none other than the chief of Berk, Stoick the Vast. He reached the end of the stairs and looked at Ruffnut and me, "You feeling better?"

I could only just nod, "A little."

Stoick sighed, "Thank you for your help, Thorston. You may go now."

Ruffnut let out a 'yeah' and got out of the Haddock household faster than a sheep on flame. Stoick shook his head, "Seriously, Astrid, you should lay off the mead." He dragged a chair and sat on it and looked at me with his green eyes so identical to his.

"I ..." My voice broke. This isn't a new experience for me. Getting so drunk late at night and waking up in various places around the village? It's practically my routine the past two weeks.

I looked at the chief and sighed, "How can you be like this, knowing he may never come back?"

"Astrid," Stoick boomed. "We just have to wait. He's going to come back. A little patience wouldn't hurt."

I stood up and finally exploded at the village chief, "How can you say that? He should be here three months ago! He should only be out there for a week! He was just going to get Gothi her herbs! It shouldn't take this long for him to go to Healer's Island and back to Berk! He's on a Night Fury, for Odin's sake!"

I chocked down a sob as I sat on the bed, "Why are you being so... calm? Why can't you sent people out there to find him? Why are you not doing anything, knowing he may not be safe?"

A huge palm rested on my left shoulder, "Because Hiccup's coming back, Astrid."

"How can you be so sure about that?!" I yelled at Hiccup's father. I sighed, realizing that I stepped over the line, "I'm sorry, chieef."

"You know, Astrid, let's put it like this. What if Hiccup comes back right now and sees you nursing a hangover for the hundredth time, would he be happy to know that you resolved to depend on mead while he's away?"

I just wanted to feel like I wasn't in pain. I just wanted to have a tough facade.

I just wanted to be numb.

* * *

><p>"Mmh..."<p>

"Astrid? Astrid!"

"Yessh?"

I fought the alcohol in my system and managed to open my eyes into slits. I was in the Great Hall... There's a pair of strong but slim arms wrapped around me, keeping me from kissing the ground. Oh, yeah, I challenged Silent Sven again. Drinking match. I beat him. Yeah, twice. Hmm-hmm.

"I'm here, Astrid. I'm here."

Is that... Hiccup's voice?

"Hi... Hiccup? Issh thaaat you?" I mumbled.

"Yes, it's me, Astrid."

"Finaally... Thought you were deaaad. Caaaan't feel my legss. Gods, I feel sooo numb," I slurred.

I felt something soft brushed my cheek, and a warm steady breath against my neck.

"Not anymore, milady. Not anymore. I'm here."

* * *

><p>AN: HAHA. Okay. Comments? Violent reactions? Leave a review. Heehee. Until the next prompt! Mitch out. :)***

9. Soon

**Author's Note: Sorry. Finals are here and I have little to no time

for writing other things rather than essays, reaction papers and what not. Well, what can I do? I'm just a little Literature major. Anywho, I'm back!**

DISCLAIMER: I do not own How to Train Your Dragon.

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><p>Soon

"Woohoo!"

With a deafening shout, the chief and the alpha took off the sky. It was a very familiar scenery to behold at this perfect time of day. The wind lifted them up, dragon and rider, enabling them to surf in the skies.

They turned, going in circles as they made the clouds their playground.

Both have responsibilities that anchored them to the ground, but they seem to weigh like a feather as they ventured near the gods.

But darkness came too soon. The familiar changed.

Everything did.

The chief walked around town, wearing a smile for show. He knew he wouldn't be whole again. He will never be.

His people would see him glance up the sky every so often, and they knew he was hoping, still hoping, that one day they will come back, that he will come back and the Berkian skies will be filled with wings and tails and claws once more.

He strolled around his village and he felt lost, so lost.

Like he wasn't home anymore.

Landing platforms broken down because of the lack of maintenance. A fire prevention system with water so stale and unused. Abandoned underground stables that housed reptiles that Berk once treated as their own.

Was it just all a fantasy, a dream? Their chief wondered.

He wanted to end that dream. He wanted to wake up to find himself as the lanky little boy Berk treated like a useless runt.

It would be easier.

But nothing's easy, said the chief's wife. Nothing in this world is cut out to be easy, especially for the chieftain of Berk.

They were gone, he'd said. Nothing can bring them back now. They did not even left the men of the future something â€“ even a claw or a horn â€“ for their existence to be known, to be acknowledged.

But the Vikings' encounter with them, though it was cut too soon, were all but memorable.

Much, much memorable.

"Toothless was always so fast," said Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III.
"He crept into my life so fast, changed the world around me so fast."

The great chief of Berk, a man who stuffed stories, history books and legends like his father, just sighed, his eyes a thousand miles away, "As he was so fast, the alpha, together with all the dragons that lived in his care, left us too soon. My best friend left too soon, like a very, very fast flier that he was."

The chief passed on, but his legends and adventures of fighting dragon queens and alphas, of finding a friend in the offspring of lightning and death itself, of them changing the world around them is forever cemented, always remembered, always celebrated.

It was all too soon, to abrupt.

But it happened.

* * *

><p>Author's Note: I can't help but be all teary eyed while writing this. But then, everything must come to an end. Until the next prompt, everyone.

End
file.